Volume LXXV CHICAGO, APRIL 22, 1915 Number 8

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915. Number 8

BUSINESS.

"Business rushing?" Fairly lively. There's a world to clean and sweep,
Cluttered up with wars and armies; 'tis your work to brush 'em out;
Bid the fierce clinch-fisted nations clasp their hands across the deep;
Wipe the tired world of armies; 'tis a fair day's work, no doubt.
"Business rushing?" Something doing. You've a contract on your hands
To wipe out world's distinctions,—country, color, caste, and birth,—
And to make one human family of a thousand alien lands,
Nourishing a billion brothers with no foreigner on earth.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

It is reported that Bismarck in his later years regretted that his life had been a failure. When reminded of his "contribution to his nation," he replied:

"But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator, but I have gained little joy from my work."

Perhaps, his settlement with his Creator was not so satisfactory as he supposed; hence his lack of joy in his work.

A Manual of the Public School, of Reno, Nev., published by the Board of Trustees of School District Number 16, is a neat pamphlet, with many pictures of their school buildings, of which we have already spoken in our "Editorial Wanderings." We commend this pamphlet to school committee men, particularly those in places where there is plenty of ground available, as representing the highest reaches in grammar-school architecture we have seen anywhere. All requirements for simplicity, safety, health, beauty and economy are here reached to a remarkable degree.

The Open Door, a monthly bulletin of the "All Souls Church" of Lincoln, Neb., quoting Mr. Daniel Roy Freeman, says:

The effect of Sunday rains is peculiar. No sooner does even a cloud containing a Sunday rain appear on the horizon, than a sort of mental timidity and physical lassitude begins to make itself felt far and wide. Strong men and women succumb to it as to a malarial infection. All inclination to exertion seems to be taken away, and the great spiritual loss is willingly sustained rather than that the dangers of these extraordinary Sunday rains should be braved. Not the least remarkable amongst the unusual characteristcs of these monstrous rains is their selective power. With uncanny penetration they pick out church people and exert their baneful influence almost exclusively upon them alone. Other persons are ofter practically immune in the same locality in which church people are violently attacked. These unchurched stoics go about their errands, visiting friends, attending concerts and setting out on journeys undismayed and apparently unharmed. . . . . Certain wiseacres, however, who have defied Sunday rains, stake their reputations upon it that the popular notions concerning these storms are no better than rubbish, and that when the superstition about their baleful powers is disregarded altogether, they can do no more harm than a haunted house.

The report of the New York *Herald* of Mr. Carnegie's testimony before the Commission on Industrial Relations has been reprinted in pamphlet form and, doubtless, can be had on application to the New York *Herald.* It affords good reading to those interested in the labor problem. Whatever the final conclusion of the laboring man may be, whatever the final verdict of science may be, concerning the mighty accumulations of the Steel and other corporations, representing great aggregations of interests and mountainous individual fortunes, it must be admitted that in Andrew Carnegie the laboring men have found a smiling boss and a genial, well-meaning friend. Now that he has got his "pile," Mr. Carnegie is giving an amount of personal attention to the distribution of his wealth and sending it forth on many lines of helpfulness that make him an exceptional man among capitalists. His interest in books, music, education and international peace all mark him as a philanthropist in the original sense of the word, a lover of men and a skillful investor in the realms of the spirit. His emphasis is not on repair-shop work, but on the creative industries in the realm of "soul," and this pamphlet is interesting as a revelation of the wealthy man trying to justify his wealth. If he fail in this he at least deserves the credit for using his busy brain in trying to atone for the same by consecrating it to high uses on high lines.

It may not be too late to call attention to an unique publication issued by the "Welsh Department" of the Board of Education of Great Britain entitled, "Saint David's Day," 40,000 copies of which have been circulated among the children of Wales. It was designed to stimulate the celebration of St. David's Day, St. David being the patron saint of Wales of the sixth century, and also the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Owen Glendower, who is pronounced "the greatest Welshman who has ever lived," and the one hundredth anniversary of the death of General Sir Thomas Picton, "the Welshman who was Wellington's right hand man, who died on the field of Waterloo." The pamphlet contains interesting information concerning these heroes, the story of the song, "Land of My Fathers," and other matters of special interest to the Welsh. But it is of general interest as a work of

art, exquisitely printed and illuminated with reproductions from the Book of Kells and other rare Celtic manuscripts. This stately, classic bit of printing shames the slovenly typography of much of the valuable material that is issued at public expense from city, state and national bureaus in the United States. Much of the material thus issued finds its way directly to the waste-basket and the rubbish-heaps because of its unattractive form, distressing to the eye and disagreeable to the touch. If the public offices could reduce the bulk and increase and elevate the quality of their output, they would intensify their service to the public and, perhaps, more efficiently promote the ends in view.

As we go to press the labor situation in Chicago is distressing. Just as the building season is opening with the prospects of an activity that would give work to thousands of now indolent men, which would mean more food and clothing, school and other privileges to many thousands more, an ugly industrial war is threatened. The carpenters, taking tactical advantage of the situation, have come in with a demand for higher wages. Yesterday thousands were clamoring for anything to do at any price, that they might have bread for little ones. To-day Organized Labor is marshalling its forces for battle on the theory that Capital is their natural foe and recognizing the fact that employers are prepared for battle and that the advantages are on the side of those who strike first. Here is an exact parallel to the awful militancy now devastating Europe. Our sympathies are naturally with the toiling class. We do believe there is much too wide a chasm between the men who accumulate the wealth and the primary producers of the same, but the better adjustments cannot be brought about by war tactics that breed hatred and jealousy. No difference of opinion can be so profound but what the solution should come through the decision of such courts of arbitration and commissions as can be organized by pacific methods. Here in Chicago, as in Europe, let the warring elements submit their case to a competent court, and while the decision is pending, let the work go on in the assurances that the settlement, when it does come, will be the best that can be reached for all parties concerned at any given time.

The Annual Report of the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" for 1914 is before us; a solid pamphlet of 240 pages containing fifteen or more reports of various commissions and committees, including, it would seem, nearly all the duties and functions that would devolve on such an organization. There are commissions on Relations with Japan, Peace and Arbitration, Country Life, Temperance, Family Life, Home and Foreign Missions, Sunday Observance, Reports on Theological Seminaries, The Panama Exposition, The Colored People, etc., etc. The introduction refers to ten other volumes issued during 1914, setting forth the full details. These reports indicate large activities, at least in outline. It represents a mighty body of organized religionists who represent some thirty different denominations with a total of 103,023 ministers, 138,995 churches and 17,438,862 communicants. The list is an imposing one, but to an outsider the omissions are significant. The great Episcopal Church, the greater Catholic Churches, both Greek and Roman, the insignificant in numbers but important in character, the Unitarian and Universalist, the Quaker and other heretical bodies are not in this list of the churches of Christ. Of course, the body has a right to determine its own conditions of admission, but all this array of names and accumulation of statistics are shot through and through with a suspicion that these men and movements are trying to give permanence to a line that is very indefinite and constantly changing and unreal. It may be necessary to confine the steam within the strong walls of the cylinder in order to make it potent, but the love of truth, the search for righteousness, the consciousness of brotherhood and the sense of an infinite God are something different from steam and to confine these things within dogmatic boundaries is, perhaps, to lose them in the long run; the attempt to shut in the light is to exclude the light, and darkness is the result. We are impressed by the large amount of good work undertaken by this organization, but we regret the exclusion and the degree of conscious insincerity that must lurk in the hearts of those herein enumerated when they suspect that the many forces they would federate are not adequately represented by the dogmatic limitations they affect.

A State Gone Mad

All farmer boys have some gruesome recollections of domesticated animals so far confused by their domestication that they fail to respond to one of the most fundamental characteristics of life, namely, parental love and solicitude. In the barnyard sometimes parents refuse to protect their own progeny and sometimes even proceed to destroy them. What farmer boy, or girl either, in the old days of diversified farming, does not remember at least one pet lamb who had to be brought into the kitchen and raised by hand because the mother sheep disowned it. Thus bringing joy to those who played the part of foster mother in the household, but branding the mother sheep with unspeakable condemnation. Sometimes a sow, overfed, demoralized by the parasitic life she leads, will destroy her own little ones, and sometimes the smaller

children are set to guard the little turkeys from the domineering scorn of the pompous gobler father.

All these are signs of a debauched life away down on the lower limbs of the biological tree, but long before life reaches the higher branches, parental love becomes instinctive and represents the fervid impulse that calls for the highest valor,—father and mother love provides spontaneous protection for their offspring. It is only when men or women are debauched by debasing intoxicants, or the soul is disintegrated by false social ambitions, that the well-being of children is not only neglected but actively interfered with.

When such debauching influences and false ambitions seize the community, and the organized state plays the rôle of the unfilial sheep and the brainless turkey gobler, the situation is indeed pathetic.

Such a madness has seized the great state of Wisconsin which hitherto has had a fair place in the confidence of her neighboring states, an invaluable reputation that not only over-reached state limits but national limits. Wisconsin's achievements have affected the economic life and, what is much better, the civic ideals of the civilized world. Students of state-craft, friends of legislative progress everywhere, have admired her, and delegates from all parts of the world have visited her, that they might note her benignant triumphs and sit at the feet of her splendid leaders.

But lo, as if maddened by her fame and distracted by her triumphs, the baser elements in the state, the backward-looking, or worse yet, those blindfolded by selfish greed, political ambitions and the demoralization of intoxicants, have climbed into power and are busy in destroying the fairest child of the great state of Wisconsin. The reactionary party now in power, led by a governor pledged to everything that is non-progressive, is in legislative session at Madison, a veritable bull in the china shop, breaking the rarest fabrics, destroying the costliest productions of enlightened minds, enkindled hearts and skilled hands. To extend the figure—this bull has strayed plumb through the china shop, forced its way through the back-door into the garden, destroying there the tender nurseries where were planted seeds that would grow into trees, that would break into fragrant blossoms and beautiful fruits.

To drop figures. This Wisconsin legislature has already broken up the wise and working plans for the development of good roads in the state, which in turn would develop the greatest asset in Wisconsin,—her beautiful scenery, her charming lakes, her winsome forests. Its plans are well under way to defeat the wisest results of life insurance investigations, the prudential control of public utilities and the conservation of natural resources in its water powers and forest reserves. It is out with its destructive hatchet against the Legislative Bureau,—the wise extension of the public library idea, making available with academic skill, the experiences and efforts of legislators and congresses to those who would undertake to create new legislations to meet the rising complexities of a growing civilization. The achievements of Professor McCarthy in these directions in Wisconsin have been emulated more or less directly by most of the states in the Union. Those trained by him in this work have been called to help inaugurate similar work in Minnesota, Ohio, West Virginia, Connecticut, and other states.

But the climax of this, not only inhuman but brutal, unfilial madness, is concentrating its fury against the University of Wisconsin, the proudest achievement of this proud state, the great training school of citizenship that has touched the complex population, the incoherent mixture of races and of languages into a patriotic unity. Many of Wisconsin's chosen sons and daughters, her men and women in high places, preachers, philosophers, lawyers, legislators, inventors and capitalists are but two removes from the emigrant ship; some of them but one remove. They have been made such by the University of Wisconsin. They entered, awkward Scandinavian, German, Celtic, boys and girls, with broken speech and enthusiasms and ideals rimmed by race prejudices. Four years hence they went away, American scholars with cosmopolitan ideals, prepared to become citizens of the world.

The University of Wisconsin has contributed notable names to the list of those who belong to the republic of letters. The names of Bascom, Adams, Chamberlain and Van Hise are found among the names of the great educators. Babcock has made perhaps a greater contribution to co-operative industry than any other one man in modern times. His milk-test freely offered to the world has made co-operative dairying possible in all parts of the world. Australia, Scandinavia, Ireland and South America rejoice in his name and profit by his discovery. And it is upon this institution that the unnatural state administration would reek its reactionary madness. The *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine* for March contains a list of some sixteen or more "amendments" and "laws" introduced in the legislature now in session, nearly all of which are reactionary. Many of them repealing generous provisions made by preceding legislators and wise schemes for growth developed by such. The cruelest thrust at the life of the University is the petty patriotism that would bar by a prohibitive tax the students from outside the state, instead of recognizing as so many of its neighboring state universities, that in the cause of public education, state lines, like county lines, disappear. However it may be with the commodities of the shop, free trade in ideas, a cordial exchange of spiritual commodities, is a part of the ideal of the United States, indeed a part of legislative obligations

of the states. For every state university that profits by the Morell Act is a beneficiary of the United States bounty and has United States obligation. The rising rivals of the University of Wisconsin in popularity and power, the State Universities of Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota have labored to make non-residents as welcome to their privileges as they would have the privileges of other states be made available to their own students; but if the pending bill passes in Wisconsin it will raise the tuition of the University of Wisconsin to non-residents equal to, if not above, the most costly institution of the East. The maximum tuition of Yale is quoted at $150, Princeton $160, Harvard $150, Cornell $125, Chicago $120, while Wisconsin, that has been the academic hope of democracy, would make the fee $174.

A still more deadly thrust at the life of the University is an elaborate disarrangement of the administration. The President is to be removed from his place in the Regency, denied a voice in the management, and the Regency, which is made up of comparatively few men and women selected for their special academic fitness, is to be supplanted by a general board that is to have supervision of over a dozen other institutions, which will result in an administration by clerks, a "business administration" of book-keepers and stenographers.

The present writer has just returned from a visit to Utah, where he had a chance of studying at close range a similar upheaval in Salt Lake City. The State University of Utah has been called to book by a board of laymen, the self-boastful "business men" who insist that an institution of learning is primarily a "business" and that its teachers as well as its teaching must be supervised by these "business men!" The major portion of the faculty of the State University of Utah have resigned because the Regents could not understand what the academic phrase, "the freedom of teaching," means. The University of Wisconsin and Utah are now in the same class, passing through the same ordeal, to the amusement, if it were not to the grief, of educators the round world over. The situation in Wisconsin would be funny if it were not so sad.

How have the mighty fallen! What has brought about all this? The causes are not far to seek. Here are four of them that adequately account for the present pitiable spectacle of "A State Gone Mad":

1. The unlettered and non-progressive grew weary of hearing Aristides called "The Just," so they banished him. The far-flung cry of reform, the well-worn reputation for progressiveness, irritated to madness the conservatism of many stripes. The hold-back, the stand-back, the stand-patter, grew alarmed at the words, and the conservative in religion and in politics and in finance, the bigoted church man, the bigoted party man, and the bigoted capitalist, said "it is now or never," and they rallied around the banners of conservatism.

2. Partisan politics crept in. The rejected elements of the old "machines," both Republican and Democrat, said "it is our last chance," so all the resources of the politician, the untraceable, the underground work, the wire pulling, misrepresentations and the final argument to the ignorant, "I told you so," were brought into action.

3. The sordid in human nature came forth; the cry of excessive taxation was heard. "Taxes are getting too heavy to be borne." This cry came from men who are constantly increasing their wealth, who are prosperous beyond their wildest expectations of a quarter of a century ago; from men who then rode in lumber wagons with a plank across the box and a quilt on the plank when they went to church or the circus, and are now riding in their carriages and their automobiles; from men whose wives are now wearing silks while then they wore calico; from men who are now wearing gloves in midsummer, when they used to go bare-footed. "But, O, the taxes!" "The crushing taxes!"

4. Lastly, the protectors of the saloon, the "vested interests" of brewers and distillers, the fanatical "Wets," must needs be heard. These furnished the inspiration for the reactionary. Very spirituous, though not spiritual.

So this quartette of motives has made a reactionary blend that for the time being has given to the state a mad administration. Let not the forces of culture, of progress, of sobriety, be demoralized. The citizens of Wisconsin, the boys and girls who are looking proudly to the University as their noblest right, and the men and women who have gone out of the University, conscious that next to the home it has been the greatest benefaction in their lives, must see to it that the great University will not be dismantled and the great State will not be permanently shamed.

Meanwhile let the boys and girls of Wisconsin, under the direction of the housewife more than the Houseband (husband), see to it that the lamb discarded in the barnyard by the unnatural mother is installed in the kitchen for the time being and tenderly cared for. Pet lambs after all do well and eventually they are restored to their rightful place in the flock.

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law. It is come when God's will is our will. When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves. When his will is our will, we are free children. *George Macdonald.*

SHINTO

The Native Religion of Japan

An Address Given at Abraham Lincoln Centre, On Sunday, March 28, 1915 by Frederick Starr

For more than a thousand years the Land of the Rising Sun has held three religious beliefs. Its three religions through that long period had been Confucianism, Buddhism and Shinto. The character of the Japanese has been affected by all three of these great religions. They are tolerant religions and it has been possible for the Japanese at one time to be Shintoist, Confucianist and Buddhist. The Japanese character of today is the effect of these three religions and each one of them has made its contribution. The three have lived in harmony and blended in such proportions that it is frequently difficult to separate one from the other and to say "this is Shinto"; "this is Buddhism"; "this is Confucianism." We shall, however, this morning call your attention to the old native religion of Japan, Shinto, and we shall try to separate Shinto from the other religions and to present it fairly in its purity and simplicity.

Shinto is the old religion of the Japanese. It preceded Confucianism and Buddhism, which were introductions from China. The ancient Japanese were Shintoists and their worship was Shinto. It was such a worship as we might expect to find among a people at the stage of culture of that time. Shinto is a simple religion; it is a nature-worship; in it two series of beings for worship are found. There are first the spirits which abound in all nature and which give life to the world and universe; and there are the ancestral dead, those who have gone before. Shinto is a combination of the simplest kind of nature-worship and of ancestor-worship. In the sixth century, about the middle of the century, Buddhism came into Japan. The teachings of Confucius were already rooted in the country. From 550 onward, there was a struggle between the two religions, the old Shinto worship and the new Buddhist teaching. I say a struggle, it was rather an adjustment of the two religions. And, as the new religion had art and beauty and education that the old religion lacked, Shinto gradually gave way before it and by the ninth century the external and evident religion of Japan had become Buddhism. Shinto, however, was not dead, but under the new teaching still lingered in the life of the people. The old gods and the old simple ancestor-worship continued, so submerged, so overwhelmed by the new worship as to be largely forgotten as a system. A curious thing that a religion that has been submerged for more than a thousand years should ever re-appear! Yet such was to be the fate of Shinto and the religious system which for a thousand years had been lost, was to re-emerge in the nineteenth century. Think for a moment what that means; a religion that was devised by a barbaric people, a religion that was essentially simple, a religion which was devoted to natural deities and to ancestors, after a thousand years and more of submergence (from the ninth century on until the nineteenth) finally came forth into full light again as a great national religion.

The beginning of the Japanese resurgence dates back to about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Three great men, three scholars, were responsible for it and for the re-establishment of Shinto, as the religion of Japan. These men we should know by name. They were Mabuchi, Motoori and Hirata. They were the three great teachers of things Japanese. For centuries everything had been Chinese; for centuries art and science and religion had come from outside, until the Japanese were Chinese in thought and literature and life. With these three great men old culture of Japan revived; the spirit of Japan made itself felt. Their effort was definite; it was to rid the Japanese of Chinese influence; it was to re-establish Japanese thought and Japanese practice as they had been long, long ago. It was a national and patriotic movement that these men voiced and started. People talk about Perry and 1853 as the beginning of the new Japan. New Japan did not begin with Perry and 1853; those were mere incidents in the development of the new national feeling. It was these three men, living from the beginning of the eighteenth century on into the beginning of the nineteenth century that made the new Japan; it was they who laid the foundation for that great nation which today commands the admiration of the world. Not Perry in 1853 and the western influence, but Mabuchi, Motoori and Hirata were the makers of the new Japan.

Those men studied and taught the old writings, pure writings of Japan dating back to the early days of Shinto. These are three in number—the *Kojiki* (the record of ancient things), the *Nihongi* (the annals of Japan) and the *Norito* (ancient formulas of religion). Those famous scholars restored Japanese thought and Japanese ideas to the place where they belonged and with this restoration there came in time the recognition of the power of the Mikado. The movement begun by three scholars through the study of the old writings became a force that restored the Mikado to his throne and in 1868 laid the foundation of the present Empire. Thus, in 1871, the old religion with its crudities, but also with its strength, became the national religion of Japan. There is, today, no established church in Japan. While in 1871 old Shinto was made the national worship it has been dis-established and today Japan is without a recognized state church.

It is worth while to look at the religion which, developed in barbarism and then submerged for more than a thousand years, came to be the state church of a grat nation. Let us look a little at some of the external things and the internal things of Shinto. First we will briefly consider the *Kojiki*. It is in some respects disappointing; it is baldly literal; it is dry in form; it is largely uninteresting; it is sometimes crude in content. It tells the story of the gods and of the early rulers and early doings of the nation. There was a time when chaos was and then, presently, the sky and earth separated; then gods began to come—three of them, one after the other, self-created, disappeard; then two appeared from something like the bud of a flower, these five were the primitive deities of the Japanese—the great heavenly deities. Then began a chain of deities; first one and then another, and then pairs, for seven generations; the last pair were a man and woman, Izanagi and Izanami by name—Izanagi, "the male who invites," Izanami, "the female who invites" brother and sister, husband and wife, like so many ancient deities. The heavenly gods urged them a jeweled spear; the jeweled spear, dipped into the to create and gave them a jeweled spear; the jeweled

spear, dipped into the sea, was whirled and whirled until there same solidity and up arose an island, the first island of the world; and onto this first island came the man and woman gods, Izanagi and Izanami; then by generation they produced island after island. The first island, you remember, was produced by the spear whirling in the water, the others were true children of the divine couple. Then they begot gods, many of them; presently, when she was weary with child-bearing, when she had produced a multitude of islands and a multitude of gods with long and dreadful names, Izanami died in child-birth. The god to whom she last gave birth was the fire god. Izanagi, angered at this birth which involved the death of his dear wife and sister, shed blood, and from the blood produced by his sword, deity after deity came into being; then, mourning for his lost companion, Izanagi went to the lower world to see her, who had gone before. He saw her; interviewed her; received orders that he must not witness her person; she would seek permission to return with him to the world above; but he, driven by curiosity, saw her in corruption and overcome with horror, sought to make escape; he was pursued by her and by the other deities of the lower realms but succeeded in reaching the world above. I omit many details. You understand that there are many other things in the narrative than those I tell. After Izanagi had come out into the sunlight (where the sunlight came from I do not pretend to say) he felt himself impure from the contact to which he has been subjected, and desired to purify himself with water; as he bathed, the filth that went from him became deities and the water that he touched became deities—swarms of them; when he touched his face to remove the last impurities, the water that bathed his left eye became a deity—the goddess Amaterasu, and the water that bathed his right eye became a deity, the deity of the night-time, and the water that bathed his nose became a deity, the impetuous Susanoo. Now, of these three deities we must remember two. Amaterasu, produced by the water which bathed the left eye, is the sun-goddess, and Susanoo is the old hero of Izumo. Such was the origin of these deities.

Now let us follow Amaterasu and Susanoo. Amaterasu was put in charge of the high heavens, the second goddess was given charge of the earth of night and darkness and Susanoo was given charge of the sea. He was dissatisfied, sulked, complained, shed tears. He didn't want to be the sea-god. He declared that what he wanted was to visit the underworld and see his mother, Izanami. Why she should be called his mother I do not pretend to say, but he would go to see his mother and, finally, in anger his father dismissed him from the company of the heavenly gods and he departed. He decided, however, to see his sister Amaterasu, in charge of high heaven, before he departed to the lower world. He saw his sister. She suspected his coming; she knew his impetuous character; she realized his anger at the field which has been given him for government; so she prepared for his reception; they had some words on his appearance, but he told her that he came in friendliness; but he began to do all kinds of mischief; he tore down dykes between the rice fields, filled up canals, destroyed the harvest; finally, as she sat in her weaving-hall, surrounded by divine companions, Susanoo angered and insulted her; breaking a hole through the roof, he threw in the body of a piebald horse flayed backwardly; it was an insult which could not be forgiven and Amaterasu at once took refuge in a cave and closed the door. All the world was dark and the gods suffered for want of the sun. In their despair they devised a plan for getting her companionship again, and enjoying the light of her countenance. To lure her forth from the cave, one of the divine beings made some jewels and another made a mirror (a cunningly constructed mirror to reflect the beauty of her face), and another brought the sacred sakaki tree; upon the tree they hung the mirror and the jewels and gifts of cloth; then they assembled together with the divine dancing girl. I do not know how they saw her, but they did see her, and were amused and laughed loudly at her dancing; Amaterasu heard the noise of their enjoyment and looked out to see why they should not be weeping and wailing in her absence; the strong-armed god stood near the door and said to her: "We are laughing with enjoyment because a more beautiful than thou we have." She could not believe that a more beautiful than she existed, so they place the tree before her with its gifts and mirror, that she may see her face reflected; the god of the strong-arms pulled back the door and the sun-goddess seeing the gifts made for her and realizing the wish of all that she should come forth, emerged and became again the mistress of high heavens and the sun that lights and heats the world and gives life to mankind. Susanoo, of course, was dispatched and went down to earth and landed in Izumo, where he stayed and had many interesting adventures; there he married and had many gods for children and the whole land there became populated with deities. Among the things he did there was to battle with a dragon, from whose tail he takes a sacred sword. Because the sword from a dragon's tail is wonderful and because the battle that he gained was great, the sword was sent to heaven to Amaterasu by her loving brother.

Time passed. Gods were plenty, both above and on the earth; finally Amaterasu decided to send one of her own descendants down to the earth to govern; she sent one messenger and another and another; a trail of messengers. They were badly received or failed to return. At last, when she was almost in dspair, a trusty messenger was found who went and arranged that the child of the sun-goddess should descend to earth to rule. Meantime much time has passed and when it was proposed to her son that he should go, he said: "No, so much time has passed that I will not go; my son will go in my stead." And his son, the grandchild of the sun goddess, came to earth; before he left high heaven, his grandmother gave into his possession the mirror (the famous mirror of the sakaki tree before the cave), the jewels (which hung upon that same tree) and the sword (which her brother Susanoo had sent to high heaven after his battle with the dragon); the grandchild of the sun goddess came to earth with the three treasures; and the fifth in descent from the sun goddess became through the divine grandchild the first Emperor of Japan, Jimmu Tenno. I have told you so much of the old legend because it is essential, if you would understand the prayers of Shinto, that you should know that much. You should know about Izanagi and Izanami; you should know about the many, many thousands of the gods; you should know about

Amaterasu and her retreat into the cave—and the sacred tree with gifts upon it,—and the sending of her divine grandchild to the earth. You should know that her brother, Susanoo, came to earth long before her grandchild and you should know that the present Mikado upon the throne of the Island Empire is descendant directly from Jimmu Tenno, fifth descent from the sun goddess.

Let us now look at the externals of Shinto. Take first the Shinto temple or shrine. It is a simple building, very plain. A proper Shinto temple should not be decorated with color or with gilding. It should have no carving. Enter such a shrine, and you will see no idols, no representations of divine beings or saints. All is plain and simple, and clean; there is an altar on which gifts may be placed, but no object of worship anywhere. There may be a mirror, but even the mirror rarely is displayed. There is sure to be a *gohei;* the *gohei* is a stick of wood at the end of which there are some papers, white papers usually, torn and folded in strange form, hanging. The *gohei* is not a god; it is not a prayer; it is not an object of worship. It represents the sacred tree that was constructed for the sun goddess and the papers represent the gifts of cloth which were offered to her there in front of the cave. In many Shinto temples there is a treasure. For instance, in one temple the sword which Susanoo took from the tail of the dragon. But no human eye has seen that sword for many hundred years. I have no doubt the sword is there, but it is wrapped in silk and outside that another wrapping and outside that another and another; the bundle so carefully wrapped in silk has never been opened through the centuries; when the old wrapping becomes soiled, worn or decayed, a new wrapping is added and the old package is kept unopened. In scores of Shinto temples there are ancient relics of that kind, carefully kept, which no human eye has seen, many of which date back indefinitely into the past. The pottery used in a Shinto shrine is very simple and plain; none of the splendid wares that came from China are to be there seen, but unpainted, unglazed, simple, plain gray or red pottery vessels bear the offerings to the gods. Religion is conservative and the things used in Shinto ceremony are things such as the old Japanese used hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Let us look at other things; let us for a moment consider the priests. The Shinto priest is a non-celibate; he may be a married man and may have children; when engaged in religious ceremony, he is dressed in the old dress of primitive Japan; the cap on his head is of old fashion. Another person partakes in the religious ceremonials; it is the dancing girl; she is dressed in white or in white and red, the colors of Shinto, the colors of old Japan. Her dancing is graceful posturing, slow and dignified; she holds a branch of sakaki and ancient time-beaters as she dances; her performance is meant to please the dead.

There are three forms of Shinto, the family worship, the communal worship and the national worship. All three are forms of worship of the dead and of the spirits that existed before there were any dead. I shall call your attention to three ceremonials; simple ceremonials and yet impressive. The first of these is one I love to see. I remember very well going to Kanda Myojin on a certain day when they were celebrating the 7-5-3 ceremony; on that occasion fathers bring their children who are seven and five and three years of age to the shrine. You understand it is the shrine in their own section of the city; the shrine where they come into contact with their own ancestors and the ancestral gods of the group of which they form a part; the little ones are dressed in their choicest clothes; how happy they appear—the father and the three children; they go up onto the platform where the priest is waiting and bow down before him on the matting of the platform and are given the sweet wine which binds the little ones to the ancestral deities; it is a pretty sight. Think of it; time after time—first at the age of three, then at five and then at seven, going with the father to come into direct communion with the gods they worship, the god of their division, the god of their district, the one who watches over, the one who cares for every details of life, the one whom they please when they are good and displease when they are bad.

There is a ceremonial, which I think most people, even Japanese perhaps, do not think of as such, on the third day of the third month; it is called the dolls' festival. I hate the description of dolls' festivals that I have read; the tourist hunters all seem to think that the dolls' festival is a rather amiable effort to amuse and please little girls. The festival takes place, as we have said, on the third day of the third month. In houses they arrange a series of steps, one behind the other, rising in odd number, five or seven or nine. On these platforms they arrange the dolls, dolls that the family has protected and cared for through centuries; they arrange too, little dishes, miniature implements, furniture and offerings of food and drink. I saw such a display once in the home of a great nobleman, and as I looked at them I could see that some of the dolls were perhaps two hundred and fifty years old; when I saw the layout of dolls and implements, furniture and offerings of food and drink, I realized that is was not done only for the amusement of little girls. As I stood there I thought how absolutely a part of the owner a doll is and, as I looked, I felt the presence of little children who for two hundred years had cared for these same dolls and in the presence of the dead, who loved those toys. I realized that this was no mere festivity for child amusement. No, the doll's festival is an occasion when the whole family comes into actual living contact with all the men and women and children of the distant past, through things that had been theirs and had been loved by them. It is a great communion, that brings them definitely to their gods, those gods, their dead, from whom they may receive the impulse which shall make them true and honest and decent and genuine.

I have never seen the *bon-matsuri.* I have never been in Japan in summer. I confess I had not had the courage. I have reached there as early as the middle of September; I have left as late as the middle of May; but I have never ventured to spend a summer in the country, so I have never seen the *bon-matsuri,* the feast of the dead, it comes in the seventh month from the thirteenth to the fifteenth day. It is a three-day ceremony and during those days the dead, the millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, of the dead come back to visit the living in the Island Empire. Little lanterns are lighted to welcome them on the first night, and little offerings of food and drink and other things that please are set out during the

days; at the last, the dead are bidden fond farewell and sent off in little boats with lights and food and drink, and the divine dead return to the place of the gods.

Ise is the portion of Japan, where the divine grandson descended and took possession; it is the region in which Jimmu Tenno lived and ruled as first emperor of Japan. I have been to the National Shrines at Ise. They are very simple. Some foreigners have said that when you get there there is nothing to see and that one cannot see it anyway. For what purpose were the shrines at Ise built? To guard the sacred mirror. You remember the mirror; you remember the sacred tree outside the cave and how the sun-goddess looked into the mirror in order to see her beauty there. That is the mirror at Ise, but no one has seen it for a thousand years. Shrouded in its wrappings, it is kept in the little shrine; a little shrine, so plain and simple, reproducing a house of ancient time, a shrine that stands only for twenty years, when a new shrine exactly like it is built, on the adjacent plat of ground. The shrine and its courtyard are enclosed by a high fence; outside of that is a courtyard and another fence; and then another courtyard and fence; and outside of that a fourth courtyard and fence. Most pilgrims who go to Ise stand without the outer fence, seeing little but the fence, though perhaps, from the rear, they catch sight of the roof of the little old-fashioned building. But to that little shrine, the Emperor goes to worship for his people; to it the victors when they came back from the great war went to thank their divine ancestors, that she had been with her children in their effort, and given them success in war; to it the great and good of all the centuries have gone to worship, for every loyal Japanese should visit once at least, the national shrines. A common man usually stands without in prayer and does nothing more; one favored may pass through the first gateway, into the first enclosure; he may walk through the courtyard covered with smooth, water-worn stones up to the second gate; a nobleman may pass the second gate and walk across the pebble-strewn courtyard to the third gate, and there he stops; a prince of the imperial family passes through the third gate and goes across that courtyard to the fourth gate; and the Emperor passes through the fourth gate into the presence of the divine ancestors and asks her blessing for himself and for the nation. It is my custom when I am in Japan to wear the dress of the Japanese. I have many reasons for it, into which I need not enter. On the whole, I feel that for me to wear the dress of Japan is a higher compliment and a greater honor than it would be for me to dress in any other fashion. When I went to Ise in my last journey, they were anxious to do everything for me. I might have passed through the first gate and I might have passed through the second gate, and I might have gone into the second enclosure and stood before the third gate. A high honor! But I was dressed in Japanese clothing and today Japanese dress has no access to the gods. I felt, however, that I showed a higher honor to the gods and to the divine ancestors in my Japanese ceremonial garb, than I could have done if I had put upon my head a stove-pipe hat and on my body a Prince Albert coat and passed the gates and, I was willing to stand without and look at the gates and fence and peer through at the pebbles in the courtyard, and make no nearer approach than the poorest person of Japan might have done to the ancestral shrine.

I have been to Izumo; I have seen the famous shrine of Kizuke. You remember that Izumo is where Susanoo, after his quarrels, came to earth. It was in that district that he killed the dragon and took the sword. It was from there that he sent the sword back to his heavenly sister. It was there that he married and had children and populated the land with new deities. Remember that this was long before the divine grandson came to earth, and this shrine at Izumo is the oldest of the great Shinto shrines and in that place of worship is a minister and priest, who is himself divine, a living god. I have seen that priest and I have seen that shrine; I passed through that gateway and stood in front of the great shrine itself, and stood with pride and honor when I realized that there, indeed, I stood before the oldest religious establishment of the Empire. The *kannushi* was kind enough to receive me; I talked with him personally; he is the eighty-second in lineal descent from the old god Susanoo. Eighty-two generations between him and that divine being, who first entered Japan from the old heavens.

I have been to Atsuta. It is not so grand as Ise in the common mind, but it is famous, and important. Though of less significance, it is the shrine where the sword is kept in all its wrappings; the very sword that Susanoo took from the tail of the dragon is in that little shrine. At Atsuta I was received with kindness and high honor. There the first gate was opened and I walked across the courtyard; I passed the second gateway and went into the second courtyard; there my faithful servant had to stay behind and I went up to the third gateway where a cushion was set for me and I knelt. The servant who placed the cushion then withdrew; the old priest stood far behind and behind him my faithful servant and I was left alone; there before the third gate of the great and famous shrine of Atsuta, with its ancient sword, I felt myself in touch with old Japan. What are the *kami?* They are superior beings; gods and deities; but every man who is good is *kami;* every man who leads a true life is *kami;* there is divinity in every man, who acts to others as a true man should; it is but a little step from the *kami* in the living man to the *kami*, when a man is dead. It is a fine thought; I think it is a great idea; it seems to me that the past after all is all we have; we are all what we are because the past was what it was; sum up all that is within us and whence came it; if we do not get our inspiration from the past, if we do not get all that we are, for good or evil out of the past, I know not whence we get it. The more closely we are in touch with it and the prouder we are of it and the more we give it reason to be proud of us, the truer our religion. And what of Shinto in the time to come? Will it survive? Has it a future?

Can a barbaric faith keep on through civilization or will it pass? Has Shinto outlived its usefulness? I suspect there are many who think that Shinto passes, but I doubt that it does. The nineteenth century throughout the world was a time of crumbling creeds. Japan felt the crumbling, and a people who had been trained through a thousand years by Shinto, by Buddhism and by Confucianism in a few years time seemed to lose all religion, and with it moral and con-

trolling impulses. The whole world has suffered in the same way. *We* have suffered. Where is the moral fiber of our past? Gone with our worship. India has suffered. Today in India they are trying to give the people something which will produce out of the men and women of today such as lived before. China has suffered, and a godless and untrained China faces danger and destruction. Japan, of course, has suffered with the relaxation of the old restraints and discipline of its three religions—Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism. The government of Japan today is grappling with the question, "How shall we develop men? How shall we give people moral fiber? How shall we get young men and women who amount to something?" Many say, "Give them Christianity and the problem is solved." Many, no doubt, believe that the Christian missionary will replace the old influences of Japan by the Bible. But it can never be so; and why? What has Christianity to offer to Japan? A Christianity that had a hell with blazing fire, a Christianity with vicarious atonement, a Christianity with a *divine* saviour may appeal to pagan lands; but no such Christianity is taught today, here or there, and a Christianity without those three elements is not *needed* in Japan. Everything that is left after those three things are taken out of Christianity, Japan has and has had for centuries.

Take out those three things from Christianity and what is left? The golden rule: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Did not the Japanese have that? That is Confucianism. Confucius, the greatest teacher that the world ever saw, the man who taught the most practical system of ethics that the world has ever known, taught the golden rule, and you need not send Christian missionaries to Japan to carry it thither, for they have it. Another notable item in Christian doctrine is—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There is no higher teaching in the Christianity of the day than that, and have not the Japanese that? What is *karma?* It is the very essence of Buddhism; it is simply the teaching that "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Do we need to send missionaries to Japan to teach them the fundamental dogma of the Buddhist faith? And what else can we teach them? Ah well, we can remind them of the mighty cloud of witnesses and urge them in that presence to run their race. But Shinto, with its myriads of *kami* is an influence and inspiration far greater than the apostle's audience, and Japan needs no new and foreign impulse to right conduct.

Japan will live. It will regain a moral fiber. The future youth of Japan will achieve the same great things that the Japanese of the past have done, but Shinto and Buddhism and Confucianism are quite able to give them the instruction and the training which they need, and until Christianity has something new to offer it is unnecessary to send missionaries to them.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for all eternity.—*Scottish Rite Bulletin.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Married Women as Wage Workers

Dear UNITY:—

Referring to the very appreciative review of my book, the Rise of the Working Class, which appears in your issue of April 1st, for which I am duly grateful, I wish to say a word or two in explanation of the point that your reviewer thinks I have not sufficiently elucidated in my book.

Speaking of the enforced celibacy of a large number of women, incident to the fact that the men are not able to earn a wage sufficient for the support of the wife and children in decency and comfort, your reviewer thinks I have not given sufficient consideration to "the possibility of a marriage in which both husband and wife are wage earners, in which the woman who has attained skill and ability and a good position in her chosen work or profession remains economically independent by continuing that work after marriage."

I have considered that possibility briefly on pages 125, 126 and 127 of the Rise of the Working Class. I say: "It is possible for the young woman today to earn her own living; to be free from the restraints and cares of the family life and she will not give up that freedom unless she believes that in return for her sacrifice, she will receive in the marriage estate, as much security and comfort as she is able to obtain for herself while a single woman. The young man is earning $10 or $15 a week; the woman nearly as much. If they pool their salaries and set up an establishment they can live in comparative comfort; but the instant they marry this pooling becomes almost impossible. The duties of the wife and stenographer conflict. The wife, if she is true to her duty, must take care of her husband in all that pertains to his personal comfort, cook his food, make his bed, wash his clothing, and in many cases make her and his garments. This work is enough, if properly done, to occupy her time and exhaust her strength. The stenographer must be down at her office at eight o'clock, with an alert mind, with muscles untired and must be in her place until night fall. Now it is impossible that the stenographer should do what the wife does and yet be able for her own task; as a consequence, when the clerk and the stenographer marry, the income of the stenographer ceases and both must subsist upon the earnings of the clerk. But the stenographer has acquired a certain independence; has indulged tastes, has been spending money in a way, incompatable with the narrow means upon which she and her husband must live. The young people can no longer hide this state of affairs from themselves. They know that they cannot indulge themselves in the luxuries of married life with its house and its children."

This is to be sure a most inadequate discussion of the subject with which it deals, but it was all that the general plan of the book permits.

If John and Mary, each earning an income, set up housekeeping, Mary must either do the work of the house or hire it done. If she does it herself, she cannot at the same time earn her wage or salary. If she hires it done, she must spend what she earns in paying others to do her proper work as a wife, and in

that case, John is economically no better off than before his marriage and has few or none of the comforts of a home. His wife is in no sense his helpmate; she simply helps herself and their unity is lacking in the great essential of a common interest. They are at the best only pals and are in no sense that one flesh, which is considered the ideal of married life.

I have, in other parts of the book, dwelt upon the position of the mother, under modern economic conditions. This great function pre-cludes her from entering into the modern system of wage earning. For nearly a year before the birth of her child, and for quite a year after, she has and can have no proper place in any store or factory. A child-bearing woman and the child-nursing woman is altogether out of place in such public institutions. If she be a true mother, nursing her child, she would have to bring the child to her place of work in order that every two hours she might give it the breast. No factory or store could, or would, permit such an exercise of the functions of the mother during working hours. And as for the period just prior to birth, decency forbids the exposure of the mother during her period of child-bearing.

It is only possible for a man and a woman to continue each as a wage earner by refusing the great purpose of marriage, which is child production and child nurture. As a matter of fact, thousands upon thousands of men and women are doing this very thing. They are man and wife, not for the purpose of producing and nurturing children, but simply for mutual companionship and comfort. They are artificially avoiding children; with what effect upon their own moral nature and upon the future of the race, I do not now care to consider. The fact is, that this whole matter is now in the melting pot. The ancient agnatic family, the product of evolutionary forces that are now spent, is in process of dissolution. What is to come after it no one can at present more than surmise. For my part, I am not the prophet or the son of the prophet, but I have a vision of a larger grouping of human beings than that which was possible under the family régime. I do not care to name, nor to describe that group; at present we are in a transition state with all the dangers incident to travel. We should be careful how we judge and how we decide. No outcries of free love or other words of approbrium will help the matter. The ancient family is gone, the new community is coming. Let us speed the parting and welcome the coming guest. ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY.

ROADSIDE REST.

(Anonymous inscription at the entrance of a little wayside burial-ground at North Woodstock, N. H.)

Such quiet sleep has come to them,
The Springs and Autumns pass,
Nor do they know if it be snow
Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear
The river's undertone;
Across the hush a fluting thrush
Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound;
The winds may sob and stir;
On the still breast of Peace they rest—
And they are glad of her.

—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XII.
Philippians

MRS. IRWIN ROSENFELS, LEADER.

Let your forbearance be known unto all men.
iv: 5.

Let your forbearing spirit be plain to everyone.
20th Cent. New Test.

Philippians is not a long letter and the available commentary upon it is not extensive. According to the Book of Acts Paul first entered Philippi about 52 or 53 A. D., while on his second missionary journey. He left Tarsus, his birthplace, and traveled through Galatia, Thyatira and Mysia to the city of Troas. While there, within sight of the shore of Macedonia, he had the vision and the call, "Come over and help us!" Setting sail for Neapolis he took the road to Philippi. This was one of the largest cities visited by Paul and was named by Philip, King of Macedonia and father of Alexander, for himself. It is situated eight or nine miles inland, thirty-three miles northeast of Amphipolis and a hundred miles from Thessalonica. A short tramp on the Via Egnation, the great mountain road forming the highway between Italy and Asia Minor, brought Paul to the summit of a mountain rising to a height of 1,600 feet, from which he had a glorious view of the sea. The city fell into Roman hands in 42 B. C. after the great battle of Philippi, in which Brutus and Cassius were defeated.

It was nearly a hundred years after this battle that Paul and his companions entered the city to deliver their message of peace. The Jews being few in Philippi, there was no synagogue. There were some Gentiles, mostly women, who had adopted Jewish principles. Paul's message was listened to with interest and many turned to him. The story goes that Lydia was so taken with Paul and Silas that she invited them to stay in her house. Evidently there existed the warmest feeling of sympathy and confidence between Paul and the members of the band at this place. We find very little trace of misunderstanding, and evidently no necessity for Paul to restate his position as in his letters to the Thessalonians and Corinthians. On the contrary he was glad to receive their gifts and proofs of their affection. Twice at least the Philippians sent him money.

After three years' residence at Ephesus it appears that Paul was again at Philippi on two visits with an interval spent in Galatia. After the parting in 58 we have no record of any communication between the Apostle and friends until the year 61 or 62, when the news reached Philippi that after his long confinement in Palestine, Paul had been taken as a prisoner to Rome. At once they sent Epaphras with gifts to aid and cheer him in his trouble. The messenger was kindled with fresh enthusiasm by Paul and threw himself with heart and soul into the work, which was

so hard that he was worn out and nearly died.

In reading this letter, one is touched with the intense personal love expressed. Although in chains Paul's outlook is that of hope and cheer, gratitude and much confidence in the Philippians. He exhorted them to work in unity and humility and presented Christ as the great example. The letter has four chapters. Chapter I consists of an introduction; Chapter II is a plea for humility and unselfish love; Chapter III, warning against false Jewish teachings; and Chapter IV a further appeal for steadfastness and unity.

According to the *Encyclopedia Biblica* this epistle is not all the work of Paul. Down to 1835 it was considered authentic. Then the German critics began to say only four of the Epistles of Paul could be accepted as unquestionably genuine. Bruno Bauer's conclusion was that its date was not earlier than the middle of the second century. But criticism before everything else demands freedom, and the critics hold that this, like all other ancient writings, requires to be read and judged on its merits before anything can be fitly said as to its probable origin. For instance, they say the salutation differs in this from other letters, and that it is addressed "to all the Saints of Christ Jesus at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons," raising the questions as to who are these? and where do they live? Then the Philippians are addressed in an exaggerated manner as if they alone, by way of exception, were worthy to occupy Paul's thought. Finally Paul praises himself and holds himself up as an example. These are some of the many difficulties. It is considered by many critics as not a letter in the real sense of the word, but a document to be read aloud to the congregation. The author, at any rate, is acquainted with Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, and perhaps Ephesians, as is shown in parallel words and passages. The *Biblica* presents more evidence of non-Pauline authorship, but states that it is not necessarily of fraudulent authorship, but a modestly written document under the name of someone highly esteemed. The *Biblica* also gives a probable date of 125 A. D. and that the author probably lived in Syria or Asia Minor and belonged to the Pauline school. The value of the work lies in the light it throws on this movement during the first half of the second century.

However, I like to feel that the letter is of and from Paul, and that in his sorrow and imprisonment he had an opportunity to send this love letter to his congregation. It is fine to feel that one group of people thought of Paul as a personality and ministered to his personal comfort.

Prof. E. DeWitt Burton of the University of Chicago, who accepts the letter as being the work of Paul, says:

"But if anyone hastily concludes that a letter written thus without sharply defined and single purpose is necessarily tame and commonplace, he will greatly err. Whether Paul ever wrote a dull and uninteresting letter we do not surely know. Certain it is that the letter which Epaphroditus carried back to Philippi was not of that character. Interesting glimpses into the apostle's situation and experiences in Rome, and a still more interesting revelation of some of his deepest thoughts concerning Christ, warm personal affection and lofty religious aspiration, flashes of indignation against the mischief makers, and tears of grief over those who pervert the doctrine of Christ, combine to make a letter of surpassing charm and interest. Were it the only Pauline letter extant we should still be able to form a fairly true picture of Paul, and a fairly just conception of what he believed and what he stood for. For its information concerning the life of the apostle and its light upon his character, for its contribution to a knowledge of his doctrinal conception of Christianity, and for its more general testimony to the history of the Apostolic Age, the letter will richly repay careful study."

This is a letter, sweet, tender and very beautiful, the spirit of it indicated in a few verses from the closing chapter:

"Do not be anxious about anything; but under all circumstances, by prayer and entreaty joined with thanksgiving, make your needs known to God. Then the peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding, will stand guard over your hearts and thoughts, through your union with Christ Jesus."

In connection with these lessons it is interesting to estimate the number of miles Paul traveled. His first journey covered 1,075 miles. He went to Galatia, then Tarsus, came around Cyprus to Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, then back to Tarsus.

The second journey covered 2,500 miles, from Tarsus up to Philippi, through Berea, down to Corinth, and then to Ephesus.

The third journey he probably went over the whole road. Starting at Ephesus, he went down to Jerusalem, back to Antioch, through Roman Asia, way up through Macedonia, down to Corinth, retraced his steps through Macedonia to Ephesus and then back, skirting the coast of Syria and Palestine, down to Jerusalem again, 3,600 miles.

The fourth journey, the one on which he went to Rome, aggregated 2,075 miles. Making a total distance traveled of nearly 10,000 miles.

Another interesting item taken from Paul's letters is a list of the different personalities mentioned, totaling fifty-six names.

(1) Where is Phillipi—something of its history?
(2) Give synopsis of the contents of the letter to Phillipians.
(3) How did Phillipians appear to regard Paul?
(4) What is the value of this epistle today?

THE BARN IN THE RAIN.

Gray barn and draggled meadow,
Blurred green of grass and leaves,
The sky an awful shadow,
For on her gray face weaves

The rain with silver threads,
That fleck the muddy puddle,
That rattle on the sheds
Where the cold cattle huddle!

Then oh, the haymow soft
And deep and dark and warm,
On sweet hay piled aloft—
While overhead the Storm

Sweeps the wet shingles, drips
At eaves, makes music wild—
We listen; the soul slips
Years back and is a child.

Somehow as at the start
We turn from Life's hot foam,
Get in the World's warm heart,
Yea, make Earth's heart our home!

And lie there warm, secure,
Yea, as a child of five,
Heart cleansed, serene and pure
And glad to be alive.

—*James Oppenheim.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Since coming to this lovely land of California I have discovered a secret, the secret of making a thoroughly successful and happy vacation journey, a journey wherein hearty welcome and courtesy and personal interest await one everywhere, and the unstinted bounties of the country and its big-hearted people are simply poured upon one.

That secret is this: to just trail along through the country wherever Jenkin Lloyd Jones has made his triumphal progress a few weeks previously—preferably on his "March escape," and at intervals quietly drop the suggestion that you are one of the humble lambs of Mr. Jones' home flock. Just try it and see how beautifully it works, how faces light up and hands fly out and hearts glow through kindling eyes, and you feel right away that you have been taken into the larger home of humanity. You have found, not only so many, many of the old All Souls friends who have been drawn by the lure of this magic country away from the Windy City, but unnumbered new ones, real folks, to whose confidence and love that one name is an "open sesame."

To wake up on Easter Sunday morning and suddenly remember you are two thousand miles away from home with several very high mountain ranges intervening, gives to most anybody a fairly good excuse for experiencing just a bit of an eastward tug. But we had the ride across San Francisco's beautiful bay to Berkeley to blow away the cobwebs and then the welcome from dear Mr. Hosmer standing under the Wisteria-loaded porch of his unique little shingled church, and the many handclasps and the exclamations, "Oh, you are one of Mr. Jones' lucky people!"

And then the real Pacific Ocean fish dinner with newly met relations-in-law, followed by three hours of delightful riding on the beautiful hills behind Berkeley and Oakland—the spurs of the Coast Range they told me—with a sunset that closed a perfect Easter Sunday. And so all the way down the state,—at Los Angeles, at Pasadena, at Santa Monica, on the top of Mt. Tamalpais, here at San Diego and out at the theosophical headquarters at Point Loma, were old and new friends with hands and hearts still glowing with a warmth that reached out and enveloped one who was proud to claim the friendship of this dear mutual comrade. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon in the Public Service Building at the Fair, Zona Gale read one of her stories and made a plea for the Working Women's League, and she was introduced by Gertrude Longenecker, once our little Sunday School girl at All Souls, but now an efficient and popular teacher at the Normal School in San Diego.

But we must not give Mr. Jones all the credit for the excellent temper and attitude of the people of California, found without exception all over the State. From one end to the other of this big commonwealth you could hunt with the philosopher's lantern supplemented by a first-class microscope and you could not find anything bearing the slightest resemblance to a grouch, though I fancy fairly good reasons for grouchiness could be revealed by the financial backers of the two expositions and the thousand and one other propositions that are in process of evolution here.

The expositions, both at San Francisco and at San Diego, are beautiful; that at San Francisco much the larger and more brilliant, of course, than the little gem at San Diego, being planned on more restful lines with a strong appeal to the love of the out-of-doors which is ingrained in us all. There are rows and rows of magnificent palms, pepper trees, acachias, camphor trees and all sorts of evergreens and shining leafed magnolias and vine covered pergolas and arcades standing where, I am told, there was little but sage brush less than three years ago. All these afford shelter from the sun, which is very grateful; and then, oh, blessed be the thoughtfulness of the wise management, everywhere, without stint, are placed in cool, shady spots, good, stout, substantial seats having backs at the right angle for weary spines; and, handy to every part of the grounds, are excellent restaurants and cafeterias where good food may be secured at very reasonable prices. I should like very much to tell you of the model farm and its bungalow home, but I must stop somewhere.

As for the flowers at both places, and, in fact, all over the southern half of the State, words fail to express their wonderful beauty and profusion. On entering the main great plazza at the

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San Francisco Fair, the eye is involuntarily caught and held by the delicate tracery and color of the exquisite Jewel Tower, high up against the steady blue of the sky. You walk entranced, gazing upward at that fairy vision until you almost stumble onto an enormous bed of yellow pansies, poppies and tulips. At its center is a fountain guarding the splendid marble figure typifying "The Energy of the West," but it is the solid golden glow of those flowers that catches your breath and dims your eyes and somehow makes you realize you are in California.

I must not undertake to tell you of that Calla Lily hedges, the fragrant orange and lemon blossoms, the billows of climbing roses and the solid masses covering hundreds of square feet of wall and ground by geraniums, by phlox and a hundred varieties of plants which must be reluctantly scratched off the list of possibilities at home when the verdict is rendered: "They won't stand frost."

But I started to say that everybody in California is good natured and hospitable. We have received nothing but kindly smiles and painstaking explanations from everybody—newsboys, conductors, policemen, hotel clerks and all the rest. Incidentally many of these good folks take the opportunity to offer warm and strong advice that we sell all that we have east of the Rockies and come out and graduate as California boosters. California has done splendid work in developing these two shows; her citizens have put unmeasured energy and uncounted wealth into perfecting them. We of Chicago know what this means and we can and should most heartily wish them the success that their efforts deserve. A. L. K.

San Diego, Cal., April 12, 1915.

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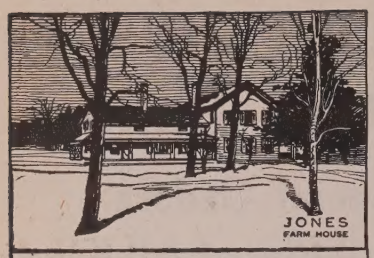

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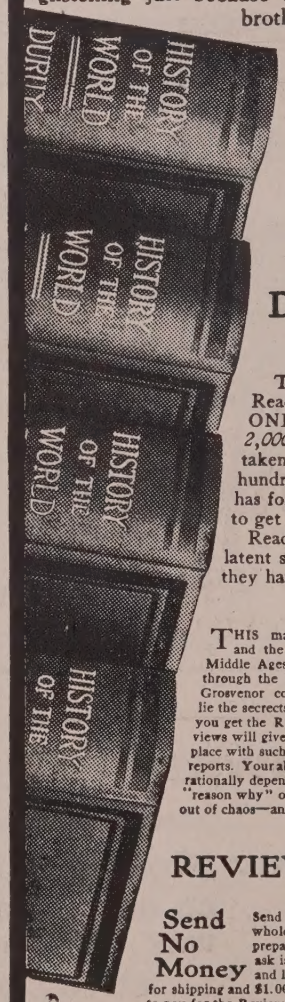

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